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DECEMBER 19, 1980

DOROTHY DAY
AN AMERICAN PILGRIMAGE
DAVID J. O'BRIEN

TANGLED HOPES IN THE HOLY LAND
SHALOM COHEN
VIRGINIA BARON
ROBERT HIRSCHFIELD

THE MORALITY OF NAMING NAMES
MICHAEL HARRINGTON

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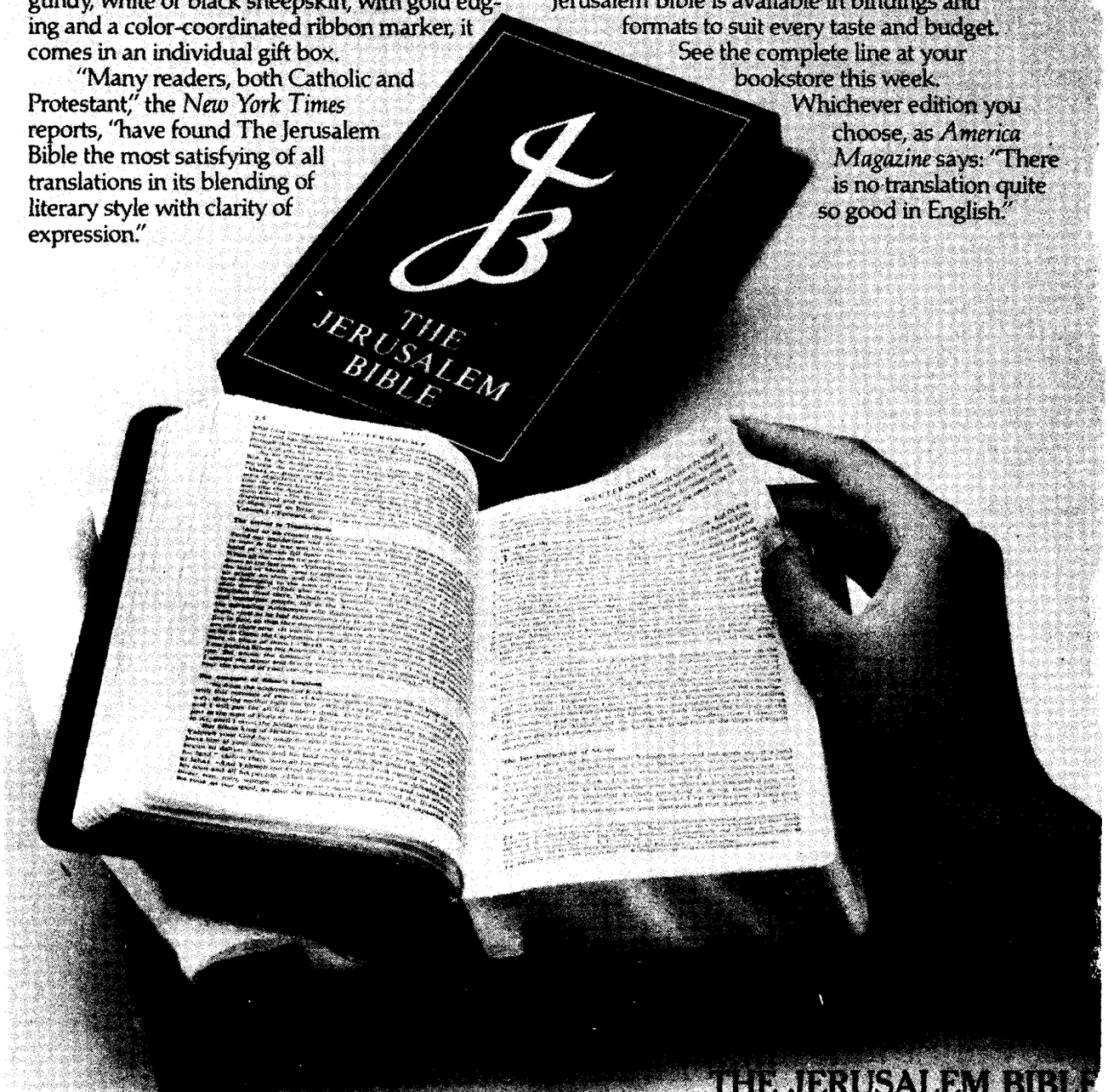

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THE QUALITY OF MERCY

DESPITE THE SEASON and Pope John Paul II's recent exhortation, chances are that stagflation will strain the quality of mercy in Washington and around many U.S. dinner tables this Christmas. Yet for some 800 million people around the world, about half of them children under five, there won't be much dinner at all. Count the minutes. As each one passes, twenty-one children die somewhere of starvation. In 1979, the Year of the Child, UNICEF estimates some twelve million children died of hunger. Yet U.S. foreign assistance remains at 0.22 percent of GNP, way under the 0.7 percent to which we are officially committed. When trade deficits, debt service, and repatriated profits are computed, it turns out the third world gives back to the first world billions more than it gets. Something's badly wrong.

But before you merely feel guilty over the turkey, know that starvation, and the far larger problem of chronic malnutrition for millions, will not be solved by throwing money, or dumping surplus food. The *quality* of the mercy, the *kind* of development we assist, is the thing.

The encouraging note there is that in both the first and the third worlds, agricultural and rural development is finally getting the attention denied it in the fifties and sixties. The problem is not too many people. Nor the scarcity of arable land. Bangladesh, for instance, has cropland and potential fisheries second to none in the world; it could not only feed its own people, but could become a major food exporter. The fact that it is not has to do with its land tenure system, and with political choices. Nor is the problem technological. Green-revolution technology is available; too often, however, as in the showcase Mexican state of Sonora, the mechanization that has gone with miracle seeds has accelerated rural unemployment.

Nonetheless, after assessing the "new aid" (agricultural/rural) of the seventies, it's possible to understand where the snags in development lie, why, for instance, the laudable efforts of World Bank and U.S.-AID assistance too often don't reach the hungry. The strengths and weaknesses in two recent blue-ribbon reports, that of the President's Commission on World Hunger headed by Sol Linowitz, and of Willy Brandt's Independent Commission on International Development Issues, illustrate the nature of the ineffectiveness. They also indicate why development assistance, from the U.S. standpoint, must be linked to social reform—the very thing to which some of Mr. Reagan's foreign policy advisors would now have us be blind.

The strength of the President's Commission report lies in its powerful geopolitical and economic backing, pesuadive we hope even for "realists,' for its principal recommendation, that the U.S. make the eradication of hunger the centerpiece of its relations with the developing nations for the 1980s. The threat from malnutrition, the Commission said, was as real as any from "advancing armies or nuclear

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arsenals." Figures tell the story. The undernourished world today holds 70 percent of the world's population, will have 80 percent by the year 2000, and 90 percent by 2050. Of these numbers, 60 to 90 percent subsist in rural areas and are increasingly landless, unable to pay for an adequate diet *even when food is available*. Supposedly "vital" alliances with autocrats and oligarchies may provide allies for the moment, but in the long term they guarantee hordes of enemies for our children.

The Linowitz Commission correctly cautioned, however, that neither expanded food production nor increased aid, by themselves, will materially change the status of the hungry. The per capita caloric consumption in Brazil stands at about what doctors recommend for a healthy diet, but given the inequitable income distribution in that nation,nearly half the country suffers malnutrition. *Effective* multilateral and U.S. assistance thus hinges on internal agrarian reform within third-world nations. Neither enhanced food production within developing nations, nor vastly increased aid from outside, will suffice, unless sharecroppers, tenants-at-will, and the growing ranks of the rural unemployed are given a stake in the land, in sum, become owner-cultivators. Without such social reforms, the bitter fact is that green-revolution technology actually exacerbates poverty.

The stress, however, on what third-world nations must do for themselves is onesided. The Linowitz report, unfortunately, all but ignores what the U.S. must surrender to guarantee equity at the level of international trade. That is, the commission omits any call for "structural" reforms regarding international monetary policy, freer access to Western markets, or the stabilization of remunerative raw material and commodity prices.

The 1973-74 "scarcity crisis" illustrates the justice of this demand. From 1945 until the seventies, the U.S. (with Canada), as the world's major surplus food producer, had kept international market prices relatively stable by releasing reserve stocks during periods of shortage. In the early seventies, the U.S. both liquidated those reserves and reduced domestic grain production; during a period of world-wide shortfall, prices shot up (in 1974, nearly four times above 1968 levels), and have fluctuated widely since. And who bears the greatest burden of price instability due to these unilateral American decisions? Of course it's the lowest-income nations; it wreaks havoc with their national planning—and malnutrition worsens. On moral grounds, if no others, developing nations deserve some voice in this matter.

The strength of the Brandt Commission report lies precisely in the area of envisioning the democratization of the international economic order. It proposes vastly expanded funding for development through international levies on trade (especially arms traffic), increased lending through international financial institutions such as the World Bank, a Commodity Fund to stabilize prices, and a World Development Fund with decision-making "more evenly shared" between lenders and borrowers. The specifics of reorganization are perhaps less important than the argument, again geopolitical and economic, for the mutual stake both developed and developing nations have in restructuring the global economic system so the poor get a better shake. That mutuality of interest is spelled out in the areas of energy, commodities and trade, food and agriculture, inflation control, financing of projects, technological innovations, ground and space communications, and arms control.

But somehow, despite acknowledging the internal social and economic reforms needed within developing nations, the Brandt report's sweeping schemes for investment in development tend to minimize the very real difficulties in existing programs of aid. The criticism of current aid performance, no monopoly of conservatives, is crucial if we are to understand how additional funding can be made effective—and equally important to expose the fallacy of those willing enough to finance autocrats while sneering at "social reformers."

Frances Moore Lappé, for instance, argues in *Aid as Obstacle* (Institute for Food & Development Policy, 1980) that, given landholding patterns in most of the poorest third-world nations, lots more money and technology does more harm than good. First off, despite the welcome attention to rural development, industrialization—which benefits an urban, frequently westernized elite—still gets most of the dollars, about three quarters, for instance, of World Bank loans. Second, most multilateral and unilateral loan assistance stumbles over banker's logic; the landless or near landless, who comprise 60 to 90 percent of the rural poor, do not qualify as credit-worthy risks. Further, debt service virtually compels national planners to divert agricultural production from the domestic food market to cash export crops. And IMF (International Monetary Fund) fiscal austerity constraints, which grind hardest on the poorest borrowers, have resulted in dramatic price rises for basic commodities without corresponding wage increases—setting off "food riots" in Peru, Turkey, and Egypt.

Finally, in case after case of U.S.-AID programs promoting the green revolution, Lappé's studies show that the poverty-stricken get almost no "trickle down"; the main beneficiaries have been bureaucrats, local landed elites, and bankers, including U.S. banks and U.S. corporations which in effect get subsidies (from Export-Import Bank and the federally supported Overseas Private Investment Corporation) to move their plants ("runaway shops") to foreign cheap labor sites. Green-revolution countries like India and the Philippines are classic. In both, food production during the last decade has outpaced population growth, but per capita food grain consumption has declined. In the Philippines, where production doubled within the decade, the average consumption of grain has in fact sunk to the lowest level in all Asia, with the single exception of Pol Pot's Kampuchea. The reason is that in the context of an unjust distribution of land and land-

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"That's a coincidence! In my other life, *I* was a Republican."

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use green-revolution technology has quickened the pace of rural unemployment. On top of that it's proved such a bonanza for feudal and semi-feudal landlords — and small farmers— that this "aid" has hardened resistance to land reform.

The other piece in this frustrating picture of U.S. foreign aid is that in providing military assistance to unjust political economies such as those in the Philippines or Haiti, the U.S. champions social systems which undercut the effectiveness of economic aid. Our left hand, which knows mercy, does not seem to know what the right hand, which knows none, is up to.

The lesson is clear. Unless U.S. aid efforts are linked to basic agrarian reform, to land-to-tiller programs which release the energies of rural majorities in third-world nations, there's little chance the mercies of miracle seeds, irrigation projects, and scaled-down technology will benefit the hungry or cap the exploding well of third-world revolution.

Of several minds: *Thomas Powers*

A QUESTION OF INTENTIONS

INTERPRETING SOVIET BEHAVIOR

THE DAY AFTER the sixty-third anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, celebrated in the traditional way with a huge military parade through Red Square in Moscow, there appeared an equally traditional photograph on the front pages of the world's newspapers of the leaders of the Soviet Union. In the center was Leonid Brezhnev, a heavy man made even bulkier by a greatcoat. His features are coarse and full—great round cheeks, large nose, dark and bushy eyebrows. He is said to be a sick man and his swollen, apoplectic aspect, as if his tie and shirt collar were all but cutting off his windpipe, is said to be the result of his illness. But he did not look sick otherwise. His expression was one of confident content, and perhaps a trace of pride. His eyes were half closed. It may have been the wind, or weariness after standing so long, or simple inwardness, like the dreams of a man who has been carried back inside himself by a piece of music. It was impossible to look at Brezhnev's picture—a kind of facial echo of the goosestepping Russian army units, the tanks which roared through Red Square at twenty or thirty miles an hour—and not wonder: what is this man thinking?

But wondering is as far as we can go. No one in the West really knows what any of the Russian leaders are thinking. Of course every man remains something of a mystery to himself and others but the culture of Russian Communism seems to have suppressed every note of the personal. Western political leaders leave a broad trail behind them of speeches, interviews, profiles in newspapers and magazines, the remarks of friends, the reminiscences of old political allies and enemies, the transcripts of press conferences. Even Richard Nixon, perhaps the most enigmatic political personality in American history, has left a rich paper record. It may not be easy to say what animated him, ultimately, but there is certainly plenty of evidence to work with.

Nothing of that kind can be found to help explain what Brezhnev is up to. I say nothing. Doubtless that is too absolute a word. I have read that Brezhnev is—or used to be—a chain-smoker of cigarettes, and that he is a sucker for fancy cars. Perhaps his love of ostentation in cars can explain that trace note of satisfaction about the mouth as he watched the cream of the Red Army march by. Perhaps not. It certainly isn't much to go on in trying to plumb the plans of one of the world's two great powers, especially when he and it have spent something over a trillion dollars and fifteen years building a military machine which is arguably the world's biggest. Something more must be going on there than a love of parades.

But what? Americans trying to figure it out have come up with two quite distinct explanations of Russian behavior since the Second World War. One says the Russians are moved primarily by fear, self-doubt, and anxiety. Twice in this century Russia has been invaded by the West. Each time perhaps twenty million Russians were killed before the violence ended. If man learns by experience, the theory goes, then the Russians have learned caution from theirs. Twice burned, thrice shy.

Two other factors are said to contribute to Russian fear of the world. One is a long history of being treated as not quite civilized, a crude and brutal race beneath the notice of Western Europe. The French-speaking Russian aristocracy was taken as something of a joke in the casinos and watering spots of Germany and Austria-Hungary. The Imperial pretensions of Czars rested on a clumsy serf army beaten in the Crimea, by the Japanese in 1905, by the Germans on the Eastern Front in World War I. The diffidence and self-doubt following from such mighty failures have been compounded, according to this theory, by the isolation of the Bolshevik regime which replaced the Czars. Inept Western intervention which prolonged a bloody civil war got things off to a bad start and the unrelenting hostility of Fascist regimes between the wars only made matters worse. Thus Russian national history, Communist ideology which defines Capitalism as a mortal enemy, and the horrors of World War II, followed by a kind of worldwide anti-Communist crusade led by the United States in the 1940s and 1950s, have all combined to maintain a climate of paranoia in Moscow. The result has been a single-minded drive for security based on military might pure and simple.

The second theory of Russian behavior, currently returning to favor in Washington, treats the first as so much eyewash. Russian history is important, certainly, but what is that history? Relent-

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less imperial expansion to the East into China, to the South into Central Asia, to the West into the Baltic states, Poland, and the Balkans. The Bolsheviks simply glossed this drive with a justifying veneer of Marxism-Leninism and went right on pushing wherever the way was clear, into Mongolia, into Finland and Poland in 1939-40, into Central Europe and the Balkans during the Second World War, and most recently into Afghanistan on a bee-line for the Persian Gulf. Russian intentions are no mystery, the second theory says. Communist theory holds there can be no permanent peace between Socialism and Capitalism, and the Russians have been building an army to back up their ambitions, which are global. When they were weak they were cautious. Now they are strong and are beginning to flex their military muscle.

These two interpretations of Soviet behavior, far from being academic exercises, are in effect the party lines of two great circles of like-minded men who have been pushing each other out of power in Washington since 1945. A cynic might argue it doesn't really make much difference who's in office since the military results are roughly the same—an ever larger American military establishment with a decisive edge in strategic weapons which is only now coming into question. The reason it matters which theory is correct is that a reasonable response to an aggressive and expansionist Russia—the drawing of a firm line, with power to back it up—is the very thing most likely to inflame the fears of a Russia which is anxious, self-doubting and easily spooked. The reverse is just as true: a low-key, soothing, unthreatening, approach to Moscow would tend to encourage expansionist dreams. If the Russians themselves were more forthcoming—if they wrote more, answered more questions, submitted to more interviews, routinely published their memoirs, cultivated the note of personal authenticity—it might not be so difficult to determine which is the real Russia, if either. But this they will not do. Their memoirs tend to the proper and the wooden, and their theoretical work is opaque with Marxist-Leninist pieties. The result is an argument without end.

One reason the argument receives so much attention is that it provides a model for trying to predict Russian behavior—referred to in the intelligence business as "intentions." Intelligence people like to say you can't use a satellite to photograph a forward plan. This is intended as an argument for traditional agent-running. The trouble is you can't photograph an *important* forward plan with an agent either; they are simply too hard to recruit, and Russian security is too efficient. Satellites are awesomely inclusive when it comes to Soviet "capabilities"—what it's got in the way of military hardware—but their intentions are hidden from us. We have got to figure them out, and that is not at all easy to do.

In the first place an intention is not a thing. An Army is large and hard to hide. A tank gives off heat and leaves tracks. Nothing looks like a submarine except a submarine. An airfield is long enough for big bombers, or it isn't. But an intention is the gossamer stuff of the mind, a potential of the will, an assertion of hope. In geopolitical terms it is what a group of ambitious men are willing to commit to paper about matters with the capacity to wreck both career and country. In the first instance, then, an intention is a document which may be locked up in a well-guarded room.

But American intelligence officials never (or very rarely) obtain the critical documents of the Soviet government. They must infer what the Russians are up to by what they do. In the second instance, then, an intention is a pattern of behavior. At this point we run head-on into the two basic theories of Soviet behavior, since what they do is not really in contention. The men now leaving power in Washington never denied the Russian ship-building or ICBM upgrading programs (although they tended not to see them quite so soon as their opponents); what they resisted was the pessimistic view that the Russians were deliberately building all this hardware in order to push us around.

It's not hard to see why they resisted. The consequences, if true, are bound to be unpleasant. If Russia, for whatever combination of reasons—ideological, economic, the sheer exuberance of men who find they can have their way—is embarked upon a course of advantage-grabbing backed up by missile-rattling then the result, soon or late, will be war. The new generation coming to power in Washington did not really win the argument; it is too problematic for that. They have uncovered no dramatic new facts. Russian military building has been extraordinarily energetic, but that might be explained just as well by the depth of their insecurity as by the reach of their appetite. Russia has been preparing to fight—not just to endure—a nuclear war, but that would be a perfectly rational response on the part of men terrified one is coming. What Russia does and says are consistent with either of the two theories, and most people probably make a choice between them on the basis of temperament. As a nation we respond to what they have got, and a few years down the line they will doubtless respond to what we have got.

It may be that nations do not really have intentions. It may be that Russians become fearful, anxious, and insecure whenever we toe up to to them pugnaciously, trying to curb dangerous ambitions before they get out of hand. It may be that they grow confident, overweening, and greedy whenever they sense the pressure easing during those periods when we try to reassure them before panic takes hold. It may be that nations have distinctive characters—predispositions towards kinds of behavior—and that they don't choose how to deal with their neighbors, any more than the lion chooses a taste for fresh meat. If that's the case, we're in the dark. But then we're in the dark anyway. The Russians do not betray themselves as a nation. Brezhnev does not betray himself as a man. The half-closed eyes and enigmatic smile are not evidence enough to tell us what he is thinking. He may be patiently laying the groundwork for the triumph of world Communism in the by-and-by, or just dreaming of a warm drink, the taste of a cigarette, the struggles of his youth, the sheer damned difficulty of getting anything *done*, the smiling men all checking his skin color in the morning, and waiting to take over.

THOMAS POWERS

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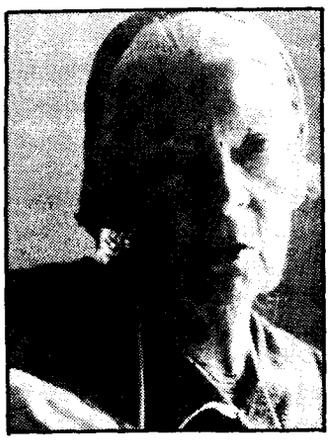
NOT ON THE FRINGE BUT AT THE CHURCH'S CENTER



The pilgrimage of Dorothy Day

DAVID J. O'BRIEN

DOROTHY DAY, in my view, was the most significant, interesting, and influential person in the history of American Catholicism. Certainly few others have received as wide and respectful attention from persons outside the church, and none has matched her stature in the eyes of Catholics from outside the United States. Within the American church, only a very few individuals have become nationally prominent; even fewer have excited enough controversy to win followers and critics in all sections of the country. A handful of Catholics participated actively in the Catholic Worker apostolate she led for over forty-five years, but millions came to admire her witness, to be proud of her work, and to stand in awe of her dedication, her persistence, and her profound religious faith.

This assessment of Dorothy Day may be debatable, but one thing is certain: her fame will grow even greater now that she is gone. As long as she was alive, Catholics always had to hedge a bit in praising Dorothy Day; the question might arise why they and their church were not imitating her. Some carping criticism or, more likely, a passing reference to her supposed utopianism, always had to accompany celebration of her goodness, reservations made awkward by the ordinariness of the woman and, in comparison with the Gospel, the modesty of her challenge. With death, the myth of Dorothy Day as Catholic heroine will no longer have to contest the reality either of Dorothy herself or of her church. She can be called a saint, a visionary, a prophet, knowing full well that only rather strange sorts think of saints as real persons whose lives might be models for their own.

What are the concrete historical achievements of Dorothy Day? She founded a movement which is now forty-seven years old, with houses of hospitality and rural communities in over forty locations around the country. As, over the years, older men and women moved on from Catholic Worker communities to other work, young persons came and continue to come: the work goes on. The importance of the movement needs no emphasis: it provides a witness to the Gospel message in which all Christians can take pride, an outlet for heroic idealism for generations of young lay people, an important goad to the official church and its ministers to live up to the Gospel, a seed bed for reviving the Catholic doctrine of peace and providing means for giving it flesh, a creative and spiritually rooted center for dealing with every major issue of justice which has arisen in the last two generations. Most important, food, clothing, shelter, and hope have been made available to the poor, to those whom Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin called "the first children of the church." To that movement Dorothy gave inspiration, direction, and a kind of leadership rare in any community. Because of her faith and her strength, the movement has been open but always Catholic, free but rarely chaotic, principled but never fanatical.

At each moment of crisis, she kept the Catholic Worker movement firmly planted on the soil of love and freedom she and Maurin prepared. After Pearl Harbor she insisted on the peace witness, no matter the cost. When in the sixties many critics charged that the works of mercy merely bandaged capitalism, she argued that the practice of love was integral to the search for justice. After all, she reminded her readers, "Our salvation depends on whether or not we perform these works." Today, as in the thirties, Catholic Worker communities contain a bewildering variety of personalities and support many "causes," but they are always clearly Catholic Worker communities, where the poor are served, the Gospel and the church are taken seriously, and all who come in the door are treated as important persons. Dorothy put clearly the distinctive Worker approach to people:

> Who are we to change anyone, and why cannot we leave them to themselves and God? What we can do is to understand, to love, to sympathize in the sense of trying to bear a little of the suffering, and leave them—not to intrude on them with the corroding pity which is often self-centered and obtuse. People must live their lives. They must bear their own crosses. We have enough to do

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to bear our own, and how we bear our own will achieve something for those around us.

EQUALLY REMARKABLE, Dorothy Day founded and edited the *Catholic Worker* newspaper, that unique radical paper. The forty-odd years of the paper represent perhaps the most significant cultural achievement of the American church, certainly the most surprising. As Emma Goldman wrote Ammon Hennacy in 1939: "I confess that it is a new one on me, for I have never heard of Catholics being radical." To readers it brought news that the church has a social doctrine, as much a shock to many Catholics today as it was to the leftist workers in Union Square when the *Catholic Worker* first appeared on May Day, 1933. In its pages were the teachings of Peter Maurin, his own "easy essays" and long commentaries by others exploring his version of the "Green Revolution." His cultural critique of industrial society and his call for decentralization, a philosophy of work, and a restoration of the person to the center of the social order once seemed quaint; today, they seem prophetic. The *Catholic Worker* platform of voluntary poverty, the works of mercy, personal, not state, responsibility, and some form of communitarianism may still have problems, as wise and eminent commentators frequently suggest, but it has produced a consistently interesting and stimulating commentary on modern history, one which could stand quite well, on economic and political as well as religious grounds, in comparison with any other position available for the last forty years.

As Julian Pleasants once put it, the *Catholic Worker* is "a correspondence course in the theory and practice of Christian living." That the Catholic Worker paper survived is little short of miraculous: sold for a penny a copy and a quarter a year, produced by a movement with no members and whose participants practice voluntary poverty, dependent on the free-will writing of its contributors, ignored, even banned at times, through large sectors of the church, it not only survived but prospered, and maintained an incredible level of excellence in writing, art work, and editorial direction. Continuing the tradition of excellence in the paper will be a major test of the movement in the years ahead.

THEN THERE IS the corpus of Dorothy Day's writings, books, essays, literally thousands of columns. The Catholic Worker papers at Marquette University contain her massive correspondence with the famous and the ordinary and a remarkable collection of journals and diaries. Most of those who have examined Dorothy's writings have gone there looking for a coherent ideology, an approach to social ethics, or a theology; and, at least until William Miller published *A Harsh and Dreadful Love*, they have, perhaps incorrectly, been disappointed. As a result, her literary work remains the least appreciated aspect of her life. Yet she was a writer of grace and power, able to illuminate the events of daily life and interpret the events of her time. Informed by an important synthesis of ideas drawn from Scripture, the tradition of the church, and the American radical tradition in which she was nurtured, her essays and columns provide a thoughtful, reflective, and spiritually rich illumination of the history of our times.

Always a fine reporter, her skills sharpened and her insights deepened over the years. And, for Dorothy Day, that history was very important. Once, when criticized for writing about Castro's Cuba, she responded: "After all, I am the editor of a monthly paper, presenting a point of view about what is going on in the world, and these events are vital happenings. Our lives, the salvation of souls, depend upon our thoughts, words, and deeds in relation to them. Certainly our peace of mind does." Her style was direct, clear, and precise. Acknowledging always the complexity and ambiguity of life, she nevertheless cut directly to the heart of the matter, to the mysteries of good and evil, to the clarity of most moral issues, and the persistent ambiguity of our response; she did this, contrary to the opinion of some, without arrogance or self-righteousness. She could show anger without being judgmental, she could be simple without being simplistic, hopeful without being naive. Some great writers whom Dorothy loved created characters who engage the reader and force him to say that yes, they are true. In Dorothy Day's own writing we engage the scenes and events she experienced, and through them the writer, herself, and we are forced to acknowledge again that her feelings, her sensitivity is human, and correct, and should be our own.

Then there is the simplicity of the ideas that informed her writing. For all the paper's elaboration of Maurin's Green Revolution and the labored discussions of Catholic anarchism and Christian communism, for Dorothy Day the basic truths remained simple. "The thing Peter was trying hardest to express," Dorothy once wrote, "was man's dignity, in that he was free—free to accept or reject the God that made him, free to serve him by developing his talents and capacities for service." Maurin's "cult, culture, and cultivation" had to do with worship, the primacy of the spiritual, reason, the willingness to care about, seek, and live the truth, and work, the use of one's talents to fulfill one's potential and in the process contribute to the common life.

In later years, Dorothy tended to cut through the rhetoric of both the social doctrine of the church and agrarianism of the Worker's own tradition and concentrate on these basics. She urged recognition of the spiritual dimension of human life, with its corollaries of care for the poor and suffering and rejection of dehumanization by means of voluntary poverty and the works of mercy. For Catholics this could best be learned through worship, prayer, and study of the lives of the saints and the writings of Catholic thinkers. She did not demand adoption of one or another Catholic ideology, but retention of the basic Catholic notion that faith has implications for life, that the Gospel provides a basis for resistance to contemporary evils and suggests directions for change for both individuals and communities. Application of Christian symbols to real life demands study and a willingness to experiment, courage, and hard work. Finally, cultivation means useful work, unavailable to the unemployed during the Depression, to idealistic youth in the sixties, to everyone in the midst of a society concerned only about self-advancement and material

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Ade Bethune, *The Catholic Worker*

advantages. Not all are called to the vocation of the Worker itself, but all are called to work, "to do what we can, and the whole field of all the works of mercy is open to us. . . . All work, whether building, increasing food production, running credit unions, working in factories which produce for real human needs, working in the smallest of industries, the handicrafts, all these things can come under the heading of the works of mercy, which are the opposite of the works of war." Prayer, study, and work were the basic Catholic Worker program. Other Catholics should not be surprised.

WHO CAN MEASURE the impact of Dorothy Day on American Catholic life? It is said of movements that they sting, and then they die, their causes taken up by organizations, parties, or institutions and translated into substantial change. Surely the Catholic Worker and Dorothy Day have contributed to the evolving peace position of the Catholic church. Her writings, her support for such persons as Thomas Merton and the Berrigans, her presence at Vatican II, and her own personal witness have had their impact both on the church at large and on American Catholic opinion. Similarly, one suspects that the paper, the local Catholic Worker houses, Dorothy's appearances in local communities have touched the consciences of Catholic parishioners, who might wonder if they are doing enough for the needy in their own midst, or of Catholic charities officials, who might ask why, while they are working so hard, there are always long lines at the local house of hospitality. How many persons less well known than John Cogley or Michael Harrington spent some time around a Catholic Worker house, or read the paper, or heard Miss Day and had their lives permanently altered by the experience? As Dorothy Day once asked, "Who knows who reads the paper or who will be influenced by the paper, that they too will try to see things in the light of faith, in the light of the history of the church, and the history of the poor?" Who, indeed?

Impact, always hard to measure, is decisively shaped by subsequent events. If, in the year 2000, the Catholic church is officially and unequivocally opposed to nuclear war and large numbers of American Catholics are refusing to pay a portion of their taxes, serve in the armed forces, or work in defense-related industries, scholars will give Dorothy Day and the Catholic Worker a large place in their histories. If local Catholic parishes, building on such initiatives as the parish outreach project of Catholic Charities and the call to community care and compassion of so many new sacramental rites, are closer to being themselves the centers of hospitality Maurin thought they should be and the centers of fraternity called for by Pope Paul VI, then, again, the life of Dorothy Day will be seen as having been immensely significant. If, on the other hand, the church and its people by and large accept the reality of nuclear weapons and leave it to the government to minister to those in need, then the movement and Miss Day will remain interesting but minor sidelights in the religious history of the nation.

Today, the very fact that these options can be stated, to suggest without seeming incredibly naive that the church might in concrete ways take the side of peace and of the poor, is in part the result of Dorothy Day's life and work. She is one of those people, together with Emmanuel Mounier, Lanzo del Vasto, Danilo Dolci, Cesar Chavez, Mother Teresa, Dom Helder Camara, and so many others, who have made it seem possible that the Catholic church might be a peace-making community and its parishes, centers of affirmation, care, and love. Perhaps these persons are only minority traditions within the rich pluralism of Christianity. If so, they will be heroes for some, and their inspiration will affect significant minorities of Catholics. But it is at least possible that they are something more, the architects of a new era in Christian history. In many ways the outcome of that possibility lies in the hands of contemporary Catholics, and that is as it should be.

Whatever may be the final determination of the significance of Dorothy Day, there are some things about her that badly need to be said at a time when her saintliness will be taken for granted. Sober commentators will praise her witness but note the all too frequently repeated criticisms: the unsystematic character of her thought, the occasional utopianism and disdain for complexity, the seemingly romantic trust in divine providence. William Miller has effectively demonstrated that these charges are far less justified than a casual reading of Dorothy Day's writings would suggest. To Miller's bold and challenging analysis of "the radical idea of the Catholic Worker" I would only add some reflections on the American flavor of her thought, her position as an American radical, and the nature of her challenge to both the church and the nation.

DOROTHY DAY always had a strong, realistic, clear-sighted love for ordinary people. Again and again she tells her readers of the people of the neighborhood where she grew up, the ordinary people around the lower East Side storefronts which housed the Worker, her companions on buses, the people she meets on her trips. Those who come to the House for help she regards as representatives of Christ; yet there is no romance; she sees and dislikes the theft, the deceptions, the dirt. She sees, too, those who stay on to help, the men and women off the line who prepare the soup, sweep the house, till the soil at the farm. She describes these men and women lovingly, with their flaws and blemishes, often crabby and

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eccentric, and often deeply hurt by the pressures of modern life; unsuspected acts of kindness from these deeply wounded people, revelation of a forgotten education from one dying of an addiction, stories of lost happiness and prosperity from the forgotten of the earth. Her love of the beauty of the land echoes Thoreau, her sense of the hidden beauty of people is perhaps unmatched in our literature.

In her earlier years, Miss Day recalls, "I was in love with the masses." Yet, amid the abstractions of her radical friends, Dorothy showed her preoccupation with the concrete, the particular. Her evolving religious faith, mystical and profound, always focused on concrete symbols and specific people. So, too, her politics were a politics of people. It was her confidence in the ordinary people of the world, whose care for family and land and shelter and food disciplined the sinfulness they shared with their betters, which informed her anarchism, far more than Maurin's agrarianism or a Christian suspicion of the state. In the South, in Cuba, in her response to what she read and heard about Vietnam, it was ordinary people and their lives which caught and held her attention; it was the daily discovery of goodness and continuing creation in homes and families and neighborhoods that raised her reporting above the categories of political ideology and provided a basis for judgment and action. Thus, too, the ever-present distinction between poverty, a simplicity and concern for basics which grounds and disciplines life and frees persons from the tyranny of things, and destitution, an absence of necessities and of hope, that creates an even more demonic obsession with things.

From this involvement in the lives of people flowed a second feature, seldom recognized, of Dorothy Day's witness, her belief that all persons, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, are indeed capable of recognizing their own humanity and responding to the demands of the common good and the love of God. Always Dorothy Day challenges the cynicism of those who appeal only to selfishness. After listening to a speaker who stressed self-interest, Dorothy recalled: "I could not resist talking about other motives that move men, that inspire their actions. So I began quoting Claudel: 'Youth loves the heroic!' "

Father McSorley, one of the early chaplains, told her that she should accept all speaking invitations, and Peter Maurin hoped she would be a modern Catherine of Siena, persuading the leaders of the church to take the Gospel seriously. So she traveled and spoke and listened, fascinated by people's lives, almost never self-righteous or demanding. In the early years she occasionally seemed to suggest that everyone should sell their goods and join a Catholic Worker community. But experience chastened her. Once, when a Catholic Worker told an audience that he wasn't sure whether it was impossible or only difficult for families to reside in Catholic Worker houses, Dorothy remarked that it was impossible. Another time she wrote: "I feel that all families should have the conveniences and comforts which modern life brings and which do simplify life, and give time to read, to study, to think, and to pray. And to work in the apostolate, too. But," she added a little sadly, "poverty is my vocation, to live as simply and as poorly as I can, and to never cease talking and writing of poverty and destitution." So she talked, to bishops and students, to middle-class Catholics and trade unionists, to all who would listen, asking them to take seriously the message of the Gospel, practice voluntary poverty, and search for the new society within the specific contexts of their own lives. When asked by Robert Coles about her demands on people she responded angrily: "I have never expected, I have never wanted, everyone to become part of the Catholic Worker family. We are small, necessarily so. This is not for everyone—this life, this way of doing things. It would be awful if we started looking down on people who are different, who are called to live lives so different from ours. I've hoped to act in such a way that I will be reaching out to many others who will never be part of the Catholic Worker movement."

FINALLY, THERE IS the perennial relevance of Catholicism itself. Like Thomas Merton, Dorothy Day was a convert who became more Catholic than the Catholics, who gloried in its traditions, symbols, and rituals. In many ways she was the most conservative of Catholics, devoted to the Mass, the sacraments, the saints, clutching her rosary when making her first plane trip, using the missal because she wanted to know the feast of the day and could not make out the priest's mumbled speech. A loyal daughter of the church, she accepted the clerical domination of Catholic life. Once, after describing in detail how the church seemed so often to be on the wrong side, she wrote: "Yet it is to the church we must go or starve for the bread of life. It is the priest with his anointed hands who serves us in the great moments of life and love and death throughout our lives." Surprisingly, this most conservative Catholic woman reached the most radical conclusions regarding the mission of the church. Even more shocking, she was not in the least repelled by renewal.

Dorothy Day was like the rest of us; she changed over the years, she had a history. Like us, too, when she told her own story retrospectively, there was a unity and wholeness to it: the young girl with deep but undefined religious impulses, pursued by God, being found and finding during the birth of her child, at peace as a Catholic but restless for meaningful work, meeting Peter Maurin, accepting his message and, again and again over the years, explaining that she is only trying in little ways to live as a Christian should. In her own sense of her life she was no heroine, no leader, but was pushed into new ventures by events, by friends, by Providence. Nevertheless, as William Miller's marvelous study of the movement makes clear, it was not as smooth and consistent as that. There were moments of confusion, doubt and uncertainty, times when practice outran theory, or when theory was itself confused, inconsistent, even wrong-headed. Miller hints at Dorothy's personal changes: a crisis in the forties marked by her temporary withdrawal from the work in favor of prayer and reflection, returning deeper, more at ease with herself, with a more spiritual and less political tone to her writing. Since finishing his book, Miller has been given access to diaries and letters

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unavailable earlier and he is now at work on "a spiritual biography" which should be of great interest when completed.

In so many ways Dorothy Day appears almost a biological sport, an attractive, courageous exception in the annals of American Catholic history. Catholics in the United States have been deeply patriotic, justifiably grateful to the nation and system that gave them freedom and made their progress, even success, possible. Originally outsiders, battling for a place, Catholics have been realistic, tough-minded, prepared to achieve their goals through organization, coalitions, and compromise. Devout and loyal, their religion was inextricably linked to the culture of families, neighborhoods, ethnic

The Catholic Worker

groups; rarely did they display the evangelical, moralistic qualities so common among their Protestant neighbors. The Catholic Worker movement and its founder, in contrast, had little use for nationalism, status, or success; they rejected compromise and organization and they called upon each person to undertake a life of Christian love, voluntary poverty, and struggle for a new social order. They thought of themselves, sometimes, as a sign of contradiction, and they were.

YET THE DISTANCE, and the difficulty, could be exaggerated. There was nothing Dorothy Day did or advocated that did not have a solid basis in church teaching and tradition. Positions once considered radical seemed to become obvious with events. Thousands of Catholics read the paper; hundreds contributed on one way or another to the work. Longevity breeds its own respectability; in later years the official church sought Dorothy Day's counsel, and most Catholics who learned of her life responded with pride and affection. Throughout her life she sought with determination and occasional defiance, and in many ways she finally achieved, solidarity with her church and its people. "I've never wanted to be far away from the people I sit beside in church," she wrote.

While the renewal sought by the Worker required conversion, its adherents knew with Edmund Burke that "example is the school of mankind; they will learn at no other." In the setting of Catholicism at its best, this meant a willingness to do what they could without rejecting or belittling the lives of others. No one could be more incisive on exposing the hypocrisy and self-deception of conventional Christianity than Dorothy Day; yet few loved Catholics more.

> Their perseverance in worship, week after week, holyday after holyday, has always impressed me and filled my heart with a sense of love for all my fellow Catholics, even Birchites, bigots, racists, priests and lay people alike, whom I could term "my enemies" whom I am bidden to love. Our worst enemies are those of our own household, Scripture says. We are united, however, as people in marriage are united, by the deepest spiritual bond, participation in the sacraments so that we become "one flesh" in the Mystical Body.

Much of what has been said might seem to soften the radicalness of the message which Dorothy Day attempted to communicate over five decades. Placing her and her movement less on the fringe and more at the center of the church and its tradition, which is where the Worker always hoped to be, reveals that the most radical demands of that tradition upon contemporary Catholics come not from outside or from the periphery of the church, but from its center. It was not Dorothy Day or Peter Maurin, but Jesus Christ who said that the works of mercy provide the criteria of salvation. The Sermon on the Mount and not the Catholic Worker platform places the call to radical love at the heart of human history. The liturgy of the church has always demanded a community of shared faith and life, a losing of self for others; that liturgy was not invented by Dorothy Day. Catholics have always defended the dignity of labor and have argued that each person has a responsibility for the common good. Rejection of violence, at the very least recognition that violence is an evil, to be resisted and replaced by love, is not a harebrained, lunatic-fringe part of the Christian inheritance. Even the most enthusiastic of Christian just warriors must refer to "last resorts" and the tragic sinfulness of armed conflict. Only those persons, not unknown to the church, who celebrate compromise and value only concrete results, while forgetting what it is that is compromised, and what price is paid for effectiveness, can look upon the central themes of Dorothy Day's life and work without admiration and without a recognition that she, more than any other among us, lived and worked at the heart of all that is noble and human and good about Catholic Christianity.

Dorothy Day, more than most bishops, priests, religious, and laity, loved the church. Now that she is gone, no greater tribute can be paid to her memory than to love the church enough to take its traditions and its teachings, its Gospel and its Founder, as seriously as she did. The continuing renewal of the church, in the lives and communities of its people, as a servant to all humankind in the struggle for peace and freedom, justice and peace, is what the life and work of Dorothy Day, and her death, are all about. In the shared faith and common life of Christians, in the ordinary community of the church, lies the key to human history:

> We cannot love God unless we love each other, and to love we must know each other. We know Him in the breaking of bread and we know each other in the breaking of bread, and we are not alone anymore. Heaven is a banquet, too, even with a crust, where there is companionship. We have all known the long loneliness, and we have learned that the only true solution is love, and love comes with community.
>
> It all happened while we sat there talking, and it is still going on.

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Melissa Clark

The Life of the Virgin

I.

In the isinglass sky the finches form a Frieze
A chaplet for the Virgin's angry head. Her
Oriental face is turned away, Her hand gripped
To her side but too late now. The fetus' tiny
Spurs are digging in Her womb. She who knows no man
Is now familiar with the wiles of angels.
The gold lace edging Her horizon closes in
The snake beneath Her foot in sin, the lilies
Are oblivion. "Hail Redemptrix."
The burr will flower, stir, endure within.

II.

A candescent lightlessness is the Virgin's color
Some call it blue, a fringe of luminant through
Which the dark is ever breaking. In this silence
She sits alone and contemplates Her son. Joseph
Is asleep, he is old and needs his sleep.
The luminiferous glow about his whiskers reflects
Her starshine, and the guilt of future painters
Who felt so much luster for a woman was improper.
The angels discourse sagely in the apple-loft
The animals are reduced to two; a mule whose bed
Is taken, an ox with folded hooves. The baby
Is an old man. He will grow younger.
The wheatstraw crackles as if ablaze.

III.

That this great weight was once a tiny spore
Is no help now. She holds Him up across
Her aged knees and feels it, feels the ache.
They are alone; the periwigged donors fled.
In the dusk the weeping angels frame a tomb.
"Thy will be . . ." Her uncrowned face is older now
More Byzantine. She is done with youth.
The myriad of lines that thread Her flesh
Are mirrored in Her Son's, but His are bloody
Scored before His time. She pressed the wound
Against His sides as if the spirit She would recognize
Were not long absent. "He will return,"
The angels say and She would listen had She time
To spare from necessary prayers, from bathing
Hasty cerements in bitter aloe, useless tears.
So She holds him. "Hail Redemptrix."
The angels shudder from that wrath, that grief.
She is planted firmly as a root. Her bare
Toes grip the dust like one unready to depart.

Michael Shorb

The Execution Of Thomas More (1535)

Struck, the arteries lose eloquence,
Even the hooded man shudders,
Tributaries of power & change
Spill from the vented block
To the stage of statehood.
Ignorance in brown fields abides,
Disrupted elements congeal
Across the silent morning.

Tell me how your god works, scholar.
If he were the snow alone,
Or gold, or singularity
Focused into concentration,
How should the unsightly,
Beheaded body of his spokesman
Twitch to a halt before the multitudes?

He answers: 'how natural to see enlightened
Men court death; appropriate he who
Truly loves the tree should follow,
Standing a still time among its
Fallen leaves, hastening unto the root.'

'Here within this peace there is no
Fuel for sorrow. The flaws that mire
Life exist only in outer rings of ages,
Where the feint & storm of statehood
Loom, where brittle destinies
Foolishly contend.'

LeRoy Smith, Jr.

Earth as Made

In a daydream on a winter afternoon
Bleak as honor, though bright with the Serpent's scales,
Adam beheld the Wilderness and Eden,
And both seemed Paradise: he could not tell
One from the other; yet he was not the same
As he had been, nor was that staunch companion,
His temptress and salvation, Eve; for they
Remembered the taste of apple and the smell of sweat.

Was this, he wondered, our purpose and our meaning—
To see the truth of falsehood and the lie
Of truth, the innocence of guilt, the guilt
Of innocence, the possibility
Within the limitation, and the limits
Of the dream that wounds the mind to charge the heart
With hope irrational and dark as serpents,
Yet clean as apples and as beautiful as man?

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TANGLED HOPES IN THE HOLY LAND—I

This year in Jerusalem

SHALOM COHEN

JERUSALEM, which is also called City of Peace, has probably seen more wars, bloodshed, hate and internecine struggles than any other city in the world—all in the name of ideals and symbols with which the three great monotheistic religions have richly endowed it.

For the Jews, Jerusalem is the navel of the universe. This is how the Talmud sees it: "Eretz Israel, the Land of Israel, is situated in the center of the world. Jerusalem is in the center of Eretz Israel."

More prosaically, Jerusalem made its entry into the history of the Jews and their religious consciousness during the reign of King David, a little less than three thousand years ago. Having captured the city from the Jebusites, he made it the political and cultural center of his kingdom. With Jerusalem, the Hebrews evolved from a tribal society to a nation. When Solomon built the first Temple, Jerusalem took the name of "City of God."

Since then, dispersed, persecuted, the Jews centered their thoughts, their prayers and their hopes on the city they could not forget. Their sages ordained: "A man may whitewash his house, but he should leave a small area unfinished in remembrance of Jerusalem. A man may prepare a full-course meal, but he should leave out an item of the menu in remembrance of Jerusalem. A woman may put on all her ornaments except one or two, in remembrance of Jerusalem." At the end of the wedding ceremony the groom must repeat: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." At each feast, Jews all over the world greeted each other with "Next year in Jerusalem."

When the modern national movement of the Jews was created, it took its name from Zion, one of the names of Jerusalem.

For the Christians, the real abode of the believer, according to medieval theologians, is the Heavenly Jerusalem. In a commentary on the words of Christ, "If someone be thirsty, let him come to me and drink," Saint Augustine wrote: "When thirsty, we should go not by foot but by our feelings; not by walking but by loving." He considered pilgrimage to the Holy Land an unnecessary enterprise, since "the holiness is in the spirit of Christ, and the spirit of Christ is within us."

However, the physical attraction to the holy sites of Christ's birth and ministry, the great shrines erected in Jerusalem and Bethlehem, proved too strong for theological finesse. The Christian world was stunned when the Persian Chosroes took the True Cross from Jerusalem in 614 and elated when the victorious Heraclius brought it back in 628. But within ten years the city fell to Omar, bearing the standard of Islam. An uneasy coexistence in which the city often changed hands, was established till it seemed to the Christian world that it could no longer bear the oppression of the "infidels" and their control of the holy places. Hundreds of thousands took the cross, in successive crusades, beginning in the year 1099. On any Friday, nowadays, it is possible to see pilgrims from the four corners of the world following in the footsteps of Christ, retracing the Way of the Cross, the Via Dolorosa. There is always a handful of them bearing a large wooden cross, just like the crusaders who had preceded them. The crusades are over, but the Christian churches hold jealously to each site that recalls the passage of the Son of God in this city.

For the Moslems, Jerusalem is third in the order of holiness only to the Kaaba in Mecca and the Mosque of Mohammed in Medina. The adoration of Jerusalem is primarily based on the first verse of Sura 17 of the Koran: "Blessed be Allah who carried his servant by night from the Holy Mosque to the Outer Mosque (Al-Aksa), which we have blessed." Tradition states that when the "Servant (Mohammed) was sleeping near the Kaaba, the angel Gabriel brought him to a winged creature and they went out to the "Outer Mosque." From there they rose to heaven.

The view that most theologians held it that the Outer Mosque is the Temple Mount in Jerusalem. The fact is that at the beginning of this mission, Mohammed recited the prayers facing toward Jerusalem and only later was the Qibla (direction of prayer) changed to the direction of Mecca.

Despite the change, Jerusalem retained its special holiness among the Moslems and its Arabic name, Al-Quds, The Holy, is ample proof. There are also hadiths (sayings attributed to the Prophet) regarding the great value of prayer said in Jerusalem. Muslim tradition relates, among other things, that the Holy Rock (Al-Sakhra, which in Jewish tradition is the summit of Mount Moriah), is located exactly beneath Allah's throne and above a cave which is the "well of spirits" where all the souls of the dead congregate twice weekly. At the end of the days,

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the angel of death, Israfil, will blow the horn three times while standing on the rock, and the Day of Judgment will then commence. All the dead will congregate on the Mount of Olives and the angel Gabriel will move paradise to the right of Allah's throne and hell to its left.

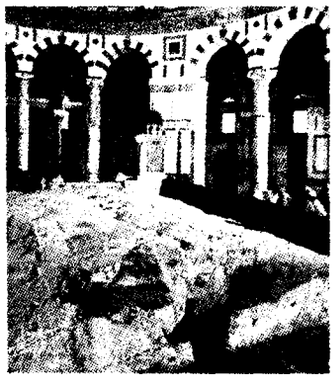
FOR JERUSALEM, the Six-Day War lasted only three days. On June 7th, 1967, Israeli soldiers reached the Wailing Wall, after nineteen years of Hashemite rule. The old Jewish Quarter lay in ruins. So, after three days, was the Mughrabi Quarter. Bulldozers tore down the houses, clearing the way for hundreds of thousands of Jews who pressed to kiss the huge stone blocks of the Wailing Wall, built by King Herod. The Mughrabis were told to find homes elsewhere. Later, architects and city-planners laid out the present plaza, but instead of stressing the importance of the age-old wall they seem to have reduced it. The Herodian stones, which once towered majestically over the huddled dwellings of the Mughrabis, now seem insignificant compared to the huge flag-stoned expanse.

Rabbi Meir Guez is the "Rav Hakotel," the rabbi of the Wall. Born in Tunisia, he lives in one of the very few old houses left intact in the Jewish Quarter. A marble slab bears an inscription saying the house was built by a Jewish benefactor for needy pilgrims. Almost all the other houses were destroyed in the fighting of 1948. Brand-new buildings, supposed to duplicate the style and charm of the old ones, have been built by the Israelis. Only Jews can inhabit them.

Hard by the Wailing Wall, an arch leads underground. Rabbi Guez leads important visitors on a long descent into the past, to the Jerusalem of the Hasmoneans and the Romans, buried beneath the Jerusalem of today. In spite of UNESCO's condemnation and Arab protests, the Jews have gone ahead with their digging. Some of their archeologists would have dearly loved to dig under the whole area of the Old City; they had to be satisfied with excavating along the Herodian Wall, which is the western limit of the Temple Mount.

In some parts, the Wall has been cleared to a depth of thirty meters, its stones as straight and hard as the day they were put in place. The visitors walk along underground streets, shops, and houses buried for twenty centuries. They keep descending till they reach a large hall with high ceiling and columns. The Hasmonean Hall, Rabbi Guez explains. The last Jewish dynasty. He leads the group back to the Wall. Suddenly he stops and murmurs a short prayer. "We are now facing the exact place where the Holy of Holies stood," he explains. Rabbi Guez could visit the Temple Mount, if he so wished, on the other side of this Wall. Many Jews do. But his faith forbids him, because he might inadvertently step on the ground where only the High Priest could tread.

At the end of the underground tunnel, the latest discoveries: an olive press and a stone water-trough. Rabbi Guez heads back for the archway, where the descent had started. Just before reaching the Wailing Wall, a large underground hall has been turned into a synagogue. A number of men are reciting the Kaddish, the prayer for the dead. Rabbi Guez joins them.



The Holy Rock from which it is said Mohammed ascended to heaven. On previous page: reading the Torah before the Wailing Wall.

From *Jerusalem, City of Jesus* by Richard M. Mackowski, S.J., a comprehensive study of the ancient Holy City, with 150 color photos by Garo Nalbandian and 30 maps (Eerdmans, $29.95).

He prays for all the dead he does not know and also for his son killed in the battle for Jerusalem, in June 1967.

A NEWLY-BUILT pathway leads from the Wailing Wall to the Temple Mount that surmounts it. The green wooden gate still bears the name of the Mughrabis. Two policemen search whoever passes through. They are Moslems in Israeli uniforms. Until a demented Australian fundamentalist Christian set fire to the Al-Aksa Mosque, in 1969, the Temple Mount was under Israeli sovereignty and Arab administration. Islamic Wakf (religious foundation) guards were its sole protectors. They are still there, but at the request of the Moslem authorities a special unit of the Israeli police was formed to watch the Mount. It is composed of Moslems, Christians, and Jews, commanded by a Moslem officer.

The Haram el-Sharif, a rectangle of some fifty acres, glitters under the sun. Right in the center stands the golden Dome. It is not really gold, but oxydized tin. To the right the second dome, that of Al-Aksa, is of pure silver. The visitor must take off his shoes before entering, and place them in the long row that tourists have left outside. For it is mostly tourists who visit the mosques, except for the hours of prayer, when only Moslems are allowed in.

Al-Aksa has served as royal palace, mosque, cathedral, and headquarters of the Knights of the Temple. Its columns were brought from Byzantium, its finely carved wooden ceiling from Damascus, its carpets from Persia. The second pillar, to the left of the entrance, bears a scar, at the height of a man's breast. A reminder that King Abdullah of Jordan was murdered here, in June 1951, after attending Friday prayers, because he wanted to make peace with Israel. On November 20th, 1977, Anwar el-Sadat came to pray at this same spot, on the start of his road to peace.

From Al-Aksa, wide marble steps lead to what is probably the most beautiful mosque in the world: the Dome of the Rock, built by the great caliph Abdel Malik, in the year 691. Under the dome, in the center of the mosque, rises the living rock: This is the center of the universe, target of all the holy wars. On the 7th of June, 1967 the first Israeli soldiers to breach the ramparts of the Old City, in a burst of delirious enthusiasm, hoisted an Israeli flag over the Dome. Moshe Dayan, then minister of defense, coming close on the heels of the first fighters, was stunned. Aware that each act within the Holy Enclosure has immense symbolic importance, he ordered the

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Star of David brought down. He did not want a holy war with the whole of the Moslem world.

In later years, hoping to legalize Israeli sovereignty over the rest of Arab Jerusalem, Moshe Dayan declared his readiness to accept a Moslem flag over the Haram el-Sharif. Jordan's or Saudi Arabia's preferably. Some of Menachem Begin's associates believe that even he would accept such an arrangement, even though it would certainly force a showdown with the Jewish zealots who dream of the day when a new Temple would replace the Dome. But not a single Moslem leader has accepted such a deal and the golden Dome remains a symbol of the struggle between the sons of Israel and the sons of Ishmael.

BAB EL-SILSILEH, the Gate of the Chain. One of the passages connecting the great esplanade to the narrow suks of the Old City. Daoud Tutunji offers a cup of tea in one of the tiny coffee-shops where one can smoke a nargileh in utter tranquillity while watching the human tide hurry by. Tutunji sells souvenirs and postcards to the visitors of the Haram el-Sharif. Once he used to hawk his wares by the Wailing Wall. He earned much more, but every day he would get a fine for trading without a municipal license. Try as he might, he never got the license. Nobody said it outright, but the Kotel was a preserve of Jewish hawkers. The fines kept piling up, till the day a judge told him: "Pay them or go to jail." He spent two months in prison. Now he confines himself to Moslem territory and nobody bothers to ask him for a permit.

Tutunji has also tasted life in a Jordanian prison. "Once, before the Jews came," he remembers, "I insulted the king. The police beat me like a dog. And in truth, for them a Palestinian was nothing but a dog. So what do you want me to dream of, if not a state of my own, where I would be king?"

His neighbor at the tiny coffee-table puffs diligently at his nargileh until he has it going properly, then joins the conversation: "A Palestinian state? Only a blind man does not see it coming."

He is Kamil effendi, a teacher at the Ibrahimiyeh secondary school in Jerusalem. "Before the Jews came," he says, "I was a journalist, but now I do not write. Even if the Israelis allow you to write what you really want in one of the Arabic papers published in Jerusalem, you would be like a performing dog in a circus. The Israelis show you to the world and say: do you see how free he is? And the world applauds their liberalism. So if I am not completely free, I refuse to put on a show of freedom."

And yet, the Palestinian state is only a matter of time, and with it, so he believes, a full retreat of the Israelis from Jerusalem. Does he really expect the Israelis to quit the new quarters they have built on the hills of the Arab sector, all around the city? "That's what the Security Council of the United Nations has decreed, isn't it?" he answers.

Tutunji adds: "Do you expect any Palestinian to be less demanding than the Security Council? Even America voted for that resolution. No, sir. The Jews will have to go. They must leave all the houses they built, because they built them illegally. They took away Arab land and whatever is on this land belongs to the Arab owners."

Kamil effendi draws philosophically on his water-pipe. "You know what, sir, I hate the very sight of those houses. They are built like fortresses, or prisons, not like homes. All armed concrete, no trees, no open spaces. They have destroyed the beauty of our countryside. If you ask me, they should be torn down after the Jews go."

Tutunji has a better idea: "We'll give them to the refugees."

SALAH EL-DIN street, outside the Old City walls, is only a few minutes' walk from the crowded bazaars At its end stands a one-story house of weather-beaten stone, which for three generations has been the home of the Nusseiba family. Anwar Nusseiba, former ambassador of Jordan to the Court of Saint James and former Hashemite minister of defense, is much more soft-spoken than Tutunji or Kamil effendi, but he says essentially the same thing. When he walks, he limps slightly, a reminder that he lost his leg in the war of 1948.

"There are matters of principle," he says, "over which no compromise is possible. First and foremost is the matter of Arab sovereignty over East Jerusalem, though that too is only one of the aspects of the rights of the Palestinian people. Till now, no serious effort has been made to tackle that problem."

Quite the contrary. Like the latest expropriation of Arab land in the vicinity of Jerusalem, to complete its encirclement by Jewish settlements. "It's shocking," he says in his precise English. "Israel did it for the same reason it did all the other things, for years: to indicate its understanding of the peace process. Namely, that it is not really a peace process. It is a negation of peace. President Sadat's initiative is quite clearly a non-starter."

He refuses to speculate on the kind of solution possible for Jerusalem. "First, we must decide the context of an overall settlement. The specific details will depend a great deal on the ultimate intentions of both sides, and also on the climate in which the settlement is negotiated. The Jewish quarters of Jerusalem? That is definitely a problem, but nonetheless a detail. It will not be impossible to find a just solution, a reconciliation of both peoples' interests. I have no doubt that an Israeli-Palestinian peace is possible, but only the Israelis and the Palestinians can achieve it. Nobody can achieve it on their behalf. I don't doubt that if they really wanted it, they could achieve it, and then Jerusalem won't be an obstacle. But it must be clear to all, that we Palestinian Arabs, Moslems as well as Christians, have an attachment, an association with Jerusalem, in the same way that the Jews have an attachment and association with Jerusalem. Let this common bond be acknowledged by all, and the problem will be solved."

"Of course."

On the other side of the political fence, another imposing personality: Teddy Kollek, mayor of Jerusalem. Born in Vienna, he was, with Moshe Dayan and Shimon Peres, one of David Ben-Gurion's yong protégés. He has condemned the latest expropriation of Arab land in Jerusalem, but he also condemns the Security Council's resolution that Israel must relinquish East Jerusalem. He rejects outright Egypt's insis-

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tence that the Arab part of the city become the headquarters of the Palestinian self-rule council. He suggests the division of the city into autonomous boroughs, drawing the wrath of the right-wing Likud faction in the municipal council which claims that any administrative division would lead to a new political partition.

"The thing I dread most," he says, "is that this city, so beautiful, so meaningful, so holy to millions of people, should ever be divided again; that barbed-wire fences, minefields and concrete barriers should again sever its streets; that armed men again patrol a frontier through its heart. I fear the redivision of Jerusalem not only as the mayor of the city, as a Jew and as an Israeli, but as a human being who is deeply sensitive to its history and who cares profoundly for the well-being of its inhabitants . . . The questions that the Arabs raise about Jerusalem cannot be decided by drawing a line. The future of Jerusalem cannot be resolved by division."

He readily admits that "Despite our efforts, it is obvious that the Arabs in Jerusalem still do not accept being included within Israel's frontiers." But then, he points out, the city's Arabs also complained about occupation when the Turks, the British, and the "Jordan bedouin" were in control. Jerusalem was neglected in favor of Amman.

"The Christians," he says, "have Rome and Canterbury and even Salt Lake City; Muslims have Mecca and Medina. The Jews have only Jerusalem and only the Jews have made it their capital."

Realistically, Kollek envisages that Moslem and Jewish differences might prove irreconcilable. But for him that only means that the three hundred thousand Jews and one hundred and twenty thousand Arabs will have to live in tension for a long time. He hopes that by ensuring decent municipal services, free movement of people and goods, access to the Holy Places for all, he could achieve a "reduction of intercommunity conflicts and the satisfaction of international interests." That is as far as he is willing to concede.

The Israelis who are ready to concede more are few indeed. Meir Pa'il, member of Knesset for the left-wing Zionist movement Shelli, is quite willing to see East Jerusalem become the capital of an independent Palestinian State, on condition that this state will live in peace with Israel and that the city be not physically redivided. Slightly more to the political center, member of Knesset Shulamit Aloni, civil and women's rights champion, states: "If the price of peace is relinquishing East Jerusalem, I am willing to pay it, though it's a heavy price."

There are religious Jews, too, who do not object to returning the Old City—Wailing Wall and all—to the Arabs. Most famous are the Neturei Karta sect of ultra-orthodox Jews. They reject the very concept of political Zionism and insist that the Ingathering of the Jews in their homeland can only be an act of divine grace, not a military undertaking. They refuse to talk Hebrew and stick to their traditional Yiddish, born in the ghettos of Eastern Europe. They do not recognize the State of Israel; for them King Hussein is the rightful sovereign. But they are a negligible quantity within the religious community.

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More to the point, some rabbis hold that the holiness of the city does not reside in its old stones, but in the faith and the righteousness of the people who live in it; and that human life is certainly more sanctified in the eyes of the Lord than any territory, be it the Holy Land itself.

Professor Ishayahu Leibowitz, an octogenarian professor of mathematics who is a deeply devout orthodox, states bluntly that "the adoration of the stones of the Wailing Wall is plain idolatry. Give it back to the Arabs or tear it down." He believes that the Wall, and the Old City of Jerusalem, have come to symbolize the chauvinist aspirations of Israeli nationalism and will lead to a war of extermination that would endanger the very existence of the Jews in Israel. But even without the danger of such a war, he claims that this nationalistic attachment to "idolatry" is warping the very essence of Jewish faith. Getting rid of the "stones" will re-emphasize the spiritual aspects of Judaism. It is this aspect, rather than the physical vestiges of Jewish history, he contends, that has held the Jewish people together for the two thousand years of the Diaspora. But Leibowitz's voice is a voice crying in the desert, with almost no political impact.

In the hadiths, the Prophet Mohammed says: "O Jerusalem, chosen Land of Allah and motherland of his servants, it is out of your walls that the world has become world."

But it is also on these walls that the world has shed so much blood, and seems ready to do so again.

TANGLED HOPES IN THE HOLY LAND—II

An American on the West Bank

VIRGINIA BARON

SOME MONTHS ago I spent some time in Israel, mostly on the West Bank with Christian Palestinian friends. When I traveled with my friends, even for a few miles, north to Ramallah or south to Beit Jala, in private cars or on buses or in "service" taxis, we were always stopped by Israeli soldiers and my friends were made to show their identity cards. All passengers on buses must debark and line up to be put through this process. After wondering why some cars and buses proceeded without inspection, I learned that it depended on the vehicle's license plate. Living under occupation means being subject to daily humiliation and harassment.

One cold morning in February, I visited women who run a Child Care Society in Beit Jala, the twin city to Bethlehem. The atmosphere at the Society would be familiar to many American women involved in volunteer movements in this country. The organization was started in 1944 with funds raised through a bazaar held by Christian women to start a maternity clinic for mothers and infants. The operation expanded to include a sewing center aimed at reviving the traditional embroidery of the Beit Jala district, while also enabling women to supplement the family's income by working at home. After the 1967 war, the women raised money to establish a fund to make loans available to small businesses, farmers, and students who would otherwise have been unable to attend universities. The Society runs summer youth camps and recently embarked on a housing project for families with limited incomes. The newest need to be met by these capable and indomitable women is a child-care center for working mothers.

The fact that I was an unexpected guest did not diminish the enthusiasm with which I was greeted. Anyone who has traveled in the Middle East knows that hospitality is the distinguishable trait characteristic of that part of the world. One is always greeted by the word "Welcome." The well-repeated phrase in Arabic, *Ahlan wa sahlan*, was translated for me as "You are now among your family. There is no obstacle in your way." I have heard Arabs say, "This is your country," as they greet you on your arrival at the airport.

Lydia Araj, the director of the Child Care Society, had summoned her committee members to be there to meet me, a representative of another volunteer movement in the U.S. The committee included a principal of a girls' school, the treasurer of the society who also directs the sewing center, and the wife of the mayor of Beit Jala. After chatting over cups of Turkish coffee, another welcoming ritual, we visited the new housing project. At the door of one of the ground-floor apartments, we were greeted by a young newlywed who proudly showed us her spotless, if sparsely furnished, apartment. Afterwards Lydia told me, a tone of resignation in her voice, that the two ground-floor apartments were meant to have been the new day-care center. "But what could we do?" she asked. "There is so much overcrowding. There are no places for young people to live, so they can't get married. Sometimes there are eleven people living in one room. The families begged us to let their children have the apartments. In the warm weather, you can see students studying under streetlights by the roadside

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because there is no quiet at home. In our situation, we have to make decisions that affect people. We have to accommodate. We will use some rooms in our old building for the day-care center. Don't you think we have to accommodate?" I assured her that I agreed about the need to accommodate.

The mayor's wife arranged for a driver to take us on a tour of the town. Beit Jala is an ancient Christian hill city, many of whose inhabitants trace their family history in the same houses for generations. Our car circled up the mountain past old stone houses and terraced fields to where we had a view of the valley below and across to the hills of Bethlehem. Directly to the north, there is a new Israeli settlement "so they can keep reminding us they don't intend to leave," the mayor's wife commented bitterly.

Near the summit, the driver stopped the car, and pointed to the peak where a line of houses stood behind a metal fence. He said something in Arabic, and I waited to have his words translated. "His house is the one at the end up there. It was confiscated a few months ago." Soon, my companions predicted, there will be a school built, and stores and more houses behind the new boundary.

I began to feel a portion of what it is like to become a stranger in the land of your birth.

BEFORE I LEFT the Child Care Society building, I stopped to meet the women who were embroidering in the crafts room. Their fingers raced on rich cotton and velvet fabrics. Longingly, I looked at, touched, admired, a deep green velvet two-piece dress with a full skirt and bolero jacket, both bordered in golden embroidery. I couldn't afford it so I tried not to order anything. But I weakened. When would I have such a chance again? A woman took my measurements and I promised to return the next day for a fitting.

On my return, the committee was waiting for the "cot man" to come so they could order cribs for the nursery. We drank tea, ate cookies, discussed the problems of heating the nursery. It was thirty-two degrees and we huddled around the one electric space-heater as we talked.

We fell into political subjects as one always does in West Bank conversations. The women told me about the difficulties of visiting in Amman, Jordan, where they all have relatives and friends. Returning to Israel across the Allenby Bridge presents the ultimate "checkpoint" ordeal. Linings of handbags and luggage are slashed and one must strip completely. It shocked me to hear about complete body searches. Sophie, the principal, described her last return. As she and a Bedouin woman left the checkpoint station, they encountered an armed Israeli woman soldier. The frightened Bedouin woman threw her billowing skirts above her head in a reflex action to be searched again. Sophie was acting out the scene for us, pulling down the woman's skirts. "It's all right, I told her. The search is over." We were all laughing. I felt perfectly at home with these women—but not with myself—because I was begining to feel the same way about Israelis as my Palestinian friends do.

One-stringed "fiddle" played by shepherds tending flocks near Jerusalem. From *Jerusalem: City of Jesus* (Eerdmans).

An American who visited Israel and the West Bank carried my dress back with her and delivered it to my office a few weeks later. I have never been so awed by a material possession before. To look at it, to hold it, was an aesthetic and emotional experience. I held it up in front of me and showed it to everyone who came to our offices that day.

That evening I attended a women's group meeting—women who are church-employed and meet periodically to focus on issues of racism, sexism, and classism. That night one of our group, a woman minister, conducted a seder with us as a run-through before a Lenten program planned for her congregation. We ate together and read the service she had pieced together from many sources.

Passover has been a significant holiday for me over the past several years. As the wife of a Jewish husband, I painstakingly prepared each element of the meal. We read the Haggadah as a family, celebrated the deliverance of the people of Israel from Egyptian bondage. The children searched for the Matzoh. Strange for a Christian to feel an emotional attachment to a Jewish ritual but it is a testament to the rich benefits of interfaith marriages, even failed ones.

Our Christian group fell into solemnity, passing the piece of Matzoh as if it were the Eucharist. They didn't know the joy of Passover. Perhaps it was because of the awkwardness of attempting to duplicate another people's experience without having lived their history. When we came to the section I had been assigned to read, my voice refused to speak. I was to add a Christian ending, the scripture from the Gospel of Luke about the Last Supper. Stumbling, I made my way through, my head flooded with the collective memories of centuries of Christian anti-Semitism. I was shaken into remembering that governments cannot be personalized, that an ideological enemy cannot be generalized, that people are victims of systems, and that the many are too often consumed by the will of a few.

I excused myself, telling the group that I was grateful for the emotional jolt. I sloshed through the snowy March streets to where I found my car—broken into, trunk lock ripped out, everything torn apart. My beautiful Palestinian dress was gone. I felt violated. I even wept. Not only for my lost dress and the love it represented, for the women had wanted me to have it as a gift, but also for the hate that we don't seem able to surmount. For the chaos that humanity keeps on having to accommodate.

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TANGLED HOPES IN THE HOLY LAND—III

A mayor in Manhattan

ROBERT HIRSCHFIELD

THE EXILED mayor of Halhoul, in the Israeli-occupied West Bank, sat unaccustomedly among dozens of friendly Jews on Manhattan's Upper West Side. Most were left-wing Zionists. They had come contritely, hopefully, inquisitively and somewhat apprehensively to the meeting with Mohammed Milhelm. During his tour of America with Fahd Kawasme, the exiled mayor of Hebron, Milhelm had repeatedly declared himself an advocate of Israeli-Palestinian peace. Therein lay their hope. But the mayor also supports the PLO, which recently adopted a no-compromise position in its struggle to "liquidate" Israel. Therein lay their apprehension.

This tension between hope and apprehension made the audience most attentive. Milhelm, a Palestinian flag decal sticking out of his lapel, spoke briefly and informally, alternating between harshness and sad ,s, chastisement and encouragement. He began, perhaps ourteously, with encouragement.

"Arabs and Jews," he said, "should meet and talk anywhere in the world. What is important is not whether one is an Arab or a Jew, but whether one is a human being. To rule others is to be inhuman."

He proceeded to relate an anecdote illustrating the psychic inhumanity of one of the most controversial aspect of Israeli rule on the West Bank. One day, a party of Gush Emunim (Bloc of the Faithful) settlers came into Halhoul. Some Arab youths began to throw stones at them, to which the settlers responded by opening fire. Confronting them, Mayor Milhelm issued a reprimand and reminded them; "You are guests here." They responded; "You are wrong. We are not guests here. You are the guests."

With that anecdote, an emotional link between the mayor and his Jewish listeners was forged. Milhelm's story could have been the story of almost any *shtetl* leader whose power was a sad paper crown to be kicked around by cowardly gentile hooligans.

The link was quickly weakened when the mayor asked rhetorically: "Who owns this land?" He answered: "The Israelis have in mind borders from the Nile to the Euphrates." In other words, the borders the Jews were promised by God in the Bible. A handful of orthodox Jews, like those of Gush Emunim, may still advocate such borders. Most Israelis, including most religious Israelis, do not. Milhelm's accusation could hardly have been more ill-founded or inflammatory. A major problem on both sides seems to be that charges, such as expansionism on the one hand and terrorism on the other, have assumed demonological proportions that thwart rational dialogue between Jews and Palestinians.

Milhelm invited the audience to put themselves in the shoes of a Palestinian refugee, homeless since 1948, languishing for thirty years in a refugee camp, the world indifferent to his plight. How would they feel?

"You won't send a bunch of roses," he told them, "to those who are living in your house."

SEEING MILHELM at that gathering, one was struck by the indecent occupational similarity between Palestinians and Jews. Both are salesmen of suffering. Both demand political support as compensation for historic afflictions. Both, being marginal and expendable, are equally vulnerable to international power plays and equally susceptible to betrayal. They need each other more than they know.

The mayor reserved the brunt of his anger for the Begin government. It was driving more and more Arabs from their homes to build its settlements. It was ruling the West Bank with indiscriminate terror that was driving the people into open revolt. It was determined never to relinquish the occupied territories from Israeli control.

Later, someone asked him to comment on Palestinian extremism, namely the Damascus declaration of the PLO that vowed to "liquidate the Zionist entity politically, economically, militarily, culturally, and ideologically." Unperturbed, Milhelm explained that the declaration was meant as a warning to the Begin government. If it did not compromise, the PLO would not compromise.

"Such a government," he maintained, "needs such a stand."

Indeed it does, though perhaps not in the way Milhelm intended. The Damascus declaration provides the Begin government with the self-justification it needs to pursue its hard-line policies in the territories. It also has the same alienating effect on Israeli public opinion that Begin's statements have in the Palestinian camp. The cause of peace would have been well served had Milhelm deplored the Damascus declaration.

To his credit, the mayor has spoken out against the recent

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On Dec. 4, Israel's Supreme Court ruled that the expulsion of Mayors Milhelm and Kawasme of Halhoul and Hebron was legal but advised the government to reconsider and postpone deportation. On Dec. 5, the mayors, who had returned to Israel for the ruling, were expelled again.

killings of the six Jews in Hebron as well as the killings of Arabs by Israelis. The violence, with which he has lived since he was born, has wearied him as it has his counterparts on the Israeli side.

"I am hungry for stability," he declared. "I am hungry for peace. I don't want anyone to call for the destruction of Israel and bring down destruction on my head."

But is peace possible? Milhelm told another anecdote.

"I have a friend who was mayor of another town. One day, Peres met with him and said, 'Don't have anything to do with the PLO. They are terrorists.' The mayor said, 'I am not of the PLO. I am a town mayor. Deal with me.' That made Peres very happy, and he said, 'I will give you whatever you want.' The mayor said, 'Will you give me a Palestinian state?' Peres said 'No'."

For Milhelm, there can be no peace unless a Palestinian state is created. Any autonomy plan that would keep Israeli troops on the West Bank and deny the Palestinians their complete independence would only lead to more bloodshed. It would never be accepted.

A woman from the audience rose and asked Mayor Milhelm to state categorically whether or not he would be willing to recognize the State of Israel once a state was granted the Palestinians.

Without hesitation, Milhelm replied, "I will accept a state of Israel side by side with a Palestinian state."

The matter, unfortunately, did not end there. At his next meeting, sponsored by the Palestine Solidarity Committee, the same woman rose again and proceeded to ask him the same question. This time he answered evasively, saying only that Jews would be free "to live side by side with Arabs in a Palestinian state."

The woman came away bewildered and distressed. Zionists, both left and right, doubt Palestinian willingness to recognize Israel. Contradictory statements, like those made by the mayor, only serve to increase their doubts.

Which Milhelm was the real Milhelm? Both, perhaps. The Milhelm who appeared before the Palestine Solidarity Committee was Milhelm the ideologist opposed to Israel as a colonialist entity that took from his people their homes and their homeland because of an ancient territorial claim that was incomprehensible and unjust. The Milhelm who appeared before the Jewish audience was Milhelm the pragmatist ready to recognize Israel because Israel exists, and because a two-state compromise solution that would bring peace was better than no solution at all that would bring war, followed by more war, followed by mutual extinction.

Milhelm's pragmatism is a bough that must be kept from burning. However waveringly, it bends toward the spring.

Screen

GIVING IT THE GATE

CIMINO'S 'HEAVEN' BITES THE DUST

NOTHING THAT'S IN Michael Cimino's *Heaven's Gate* is as revealing as something he has said about it: "When we were finishing the battle sequence . . . it was the very last day and the very last shot and, as Kris [Kristofferson] was walking away, I felt that we needed wind to blow across the battlefield. We had made no provisions for wind, but somehow I kind of raised my hand (in a gesture of need more than anything) and the wind came up, and I raised it again and it came up harder. . . . Well, I don't think such a thing is accidental. Certainly the American Indians believed that there is a spirit in all things, . . . and I think that in order to deal with places like that one needs a certain amount of communion with that spirit. I don't think you can do without it."

Cimino is a little confused, for the Indians believed only that man must act in concert with nature, not that he can have it at his command. The theology Cimino is espousing might be better suited to a biblical epic which permitted him to identify with God or, at the very least, Moses. That kind of film, rather than a Western, is what he has tried to make anyway.

His remarks are revealing, however, not for their biblical qualities or their Indian lore so much as their classical Greek flavor. They are unadulterated hubris, the kind of talk of which tragedies are made, the bluster of a man who's riding for a fall. In *Heaven's Gate* he has taken that fall, a pratfall which, in the true spirit of tragedy, may bring down his whole tribe with him. The opening of *Heaven's Gate* in New York was such a catastrophe that the Los Angeles opening and a gala premiere planned for Toronto were both canceled. The film has now been pulled from distribution altogether to be edited down from its three-and-a-half hour running time to a standard feature which may, or may not, be re-released at a later date.

This makes *Heaven's Gate* the last and most spectacular in a succession of big-budget failures that have plagued Hollywood for the last eighteen months. In each case a young director who had scored a great success, as Cimino did with *The Deer Hunter*, was given a $30-million plus budget and *carte blanche*. And in each case the result has been an aesthetic and financial disaster—*Apocalypse Now*, *1941*, *The Blues Brothers*, and *Heaven's Gate*. If *Heaven's Gate* doesn't bankrupt Hollywood, or at least United Artists, which also began this bad string by backing *Apocalypse Now*, the film will most certainly bring to an end the independence these young directors have enjoyed.

All that Cimino has created out of the $36 million *Heaven's Gate* cost is a little atmospherics. It's as if he had set out to prove that substance is in inverse proportion to money. His one

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idea about the history of the West is that interiors were always smoky and poorly ventilated and the great outdoors was always choked with dust. So he faithfully re-created these conditions in every shot in his film. He had the paved streets of the towns he used as locations buried under hundreds of tons of Fullers earth, and had hundreds of tons more dumped on the prairie in order that each passing horse would raise a veritable dust storm. In addition, he had all daytime interiors filmed backlit with real or artificial sunshine pouring through windows into shadowy, smoke-filled rooms. And for every shot, he insisted on anywhere from a few to fifty re-takes to make sure he had gotten what he wanted.

(In the same interview where he congratulated himself for being in tune with the spirit gods of nature, Cimino also waxed poetic about how pure the environment was in Montana where *Heaven's Gate* was filmed. "If you are in a healthy place where the air is wonderful, clean, and clear . . ." he said, "you feel at one." I wonder how his cast and crew felt working in an atmosphere he had polluted with smoke and dust so badly that those out of camera range wore surgical masks to keep from gagging. The actors, of course, just had to rough it.)

You can hardly imagine the difficulty, and expense, of matching the shots in scenes filmed under these conditions, getting the density of the smoke or dust and the intensity of the light to be the same from one set-up to the next. Cimino solved this problem by hiring as his director of photography Vilmos Zsigmond, who years ago created for another film, Robert Altman's *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, the look Cimino wanted for *Heaven's Gate*. Again Zsigmond pre-flashed the film and got the color to take on that washed-out quality of old, hand-tinted photographs. The only difference this time was that the smokiness and haziness Altman's film evoked weren't created cheaply by use of lens filters. The expense of Cimino's film notwithstanding, it still looks and feels so close to Altman's that it might be thought derivative. If you borrow an idea from a Western made thirty-five years ago, as Cimino did in a roller-skating scene clearly inspired by the church dance in John Ford's *My Darling Clementine*, you are being influenced by the masters. But if you lift not only the look but the personnel from another Western made less than a decade ago, you're only being derivative. One reason *Heaven's Gate* isn't going to be very popular no matter how brilliantly edited the re-release may be is that audiences are still going to feel the best moments in the film are ones they've seen before, recently.

The other reason the film will never recoup its cost is that beyond its atmospheres, there's nothing to it—no characters in whom we might take an interest, no sense of American history, no plot or story we can follow and get involved in. With a virtually unlimited budget at his disposal, Cimino became so preoccupied with the details of the *mise en scene* that he lost all track of his script. *Heaven's Gate* allegedly deals with a true episode in the history of the West, the Johnson-County range war between cattlemen and homesteaders, which has already been the subject of a half dozen movies more lucid, modest, and engaging than this one. In Cimino's version, Kris Kristofferson and John Hurt play Harvard classmates who are on opposite sides in the war. But where Kristofferson gets his money and why he has sided with the homesteaders, who are mostly Russian immigrants left over from *The Deer Hunter*, are never revealed to us. Nor do we ever quite fathom Kristofferson's friendly rivalry with one of the cattlemen's regulators (Christopher Walken) for the hand of the local prostitute (Isabelle Huppert).

Another stylization Cimino has lifted from Altman is inaudible dialogue. With the actors' lines drowned out by the clatter of the wagons and horses, and their actions engulfed in dust and smoke, the film literally obliterates itself from the screen. The last shot before the intermission is of John Hurt sitting on his horse as a cloud of smoke vented from a locomotive passes over him. When the smoke clears, he has ridden off somewhere, disappeared. The intermission which follows gives the same opportunity to the audience.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

Books: THE INFORMING HEART

NAMING NAMES

Victor S. Navasky
Viking, $15.95, 468 pp.

Michael Harrington

Between 1954 and 1956, I was John Cogley's assistant while he directed the Fund for the Republic's study of the blacklist in the entertainment industry. I went with John on almost all of the interviews in New York and Hollywood, talked endlessly with him about the moral and political problems which the issue raised. When his two-volume study of the phenomenon appeared—it made, I think, a major contribution to the beginning of the end of the list—the House Committee on UnAmerican Activities (HUAC) held a week of hearings. On the first day John was grilled mercilessly and attacked for, among many other things, hiring me (a socialist), Paul Jacobs (an ex-Communist and then socialist), and the distinguished social scientist Marie Jahoda (who had been a member of the Austrian social democratic movement). John was magnificent, so the Committee then brought in four days of witness who were allowed to engage in uncontested speculation and slander. One of them lied under oath, charging that, in the event of a war between the United States and the Soviet Union, I would support the Soviet Union.

In short, I do not come to Victor Navasky's new study of the blacklist with a tabula rasa. About twenty-five

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years ago, when the evil was still very much alive, I talked to a good many of the people whom Navasky has now interviewed or, in the case of the dead, researched through historical records. With some authority, then, I can report that Navasky has all of the main facts right and, more important, that his fascinating moral and political analysis is quite compelling. The ritual of naming names was indeed a ceremony of degradation having absolutely nothing to do with the national security of the United States and everything to do with a Joe McCarthyite campaign to create a mood of suspicion and fear that would intimidate dissidents of every stripe, not just Communists.

I remember being told by a studio executive that an actress then on the blacklist (who is not mentioned in *Naming Names*) was not a Communist and never had been. Why, John and I asked, was she kept from working? Because the letter she wrote explaining why she had taken the same position as the Communist fraction in her union insisted on explaining that convergence rather than simply denouncing it. Like Winston Smith in *1984*, one was supposed to understand that Big Brother wanted your love, not merely your reluctant submission to power.

Navasky does not denounce and document this outrage from a double standard point of view. "Of course," he writes, "Stalin's terror, torture, deceptions, paranoia, murder, and gulags were worse than McCarthy's red hunt. The question, though, is whether to fight the deathlist it was necessary to support the blacklist, whether collaboration with the American informer system was the price of fighting the Soviet gulag system." Exactly. Moreover, Navasky also understands that almost all of the people in the industry charged by HUAC with being Communist had in fact been, or were still, members of the party. There were opponents of the blacklist at that time who liked to think that all of the names on it were of men and women mistakenly said to be Communists. There were a few of those mistakes, but, on the whole, HUAC's allegations were factual, which does not make them less despicable. The central issue, John Cogley and I used to say to one another, is whether you are willing to defend the continuing employment of a card-carrying member of a political party which—whatever the subjective decency of at least some of its members and even their contributions to union, anti-racist, and other struggles—is the political defender of a totalitarian society.

Finally, I agree with Navasky's careful refutation of all the rationales for naming names. There was no higher duty to cooperate with the scoundrels on the Committee, and even those who named only names that had been cited previously injured themselves and the society in the process.

But enough of my fundamental agreement with Navasky on the issues. What must be said of the fascinating debate between Albert Maltz and Dalton Trumbo, both blacklisted, and neither friendly witnesses? I suspect that this is the one area in which I have differences with Navasky—but it should be remembered that they are a matter of nuance, of emphasis within a shared framework.

In 1970, the now "rehabilitated" Trumbo received the Screen Writer's Guild's highest honor. He said,

> The blacklist was a time of evil, and . . . no one caught on either side who survived it came through untouched by evil. Caught in a situation that passed beyond the control of mere individuals, each person reacted as his nature, his needs, his convictions, and his particular circumstances compelled him to. There was bad faith and good, honesty and dishonesty, courage and cowardice, selflessness and opportunism, wisdom and stupidity, good and bad on both sides; and almost every individual involved, no matter where he stood, combined some or all of those antithetical qualities in his own person, his own acts. . . . none of us—right, left, or center—emerged from the long nightmare without sin.

Maltz incorrectly assumed that Trumbo was saying that everyone was *equally* a victim. But Maltz's essential point did not depend upon that error. It asserted agreement with Lillian Hellman's remark that "Forgiveness is God's job, not mine." The friendly witnesses were stool pigeons, finks, traitors. Period.

I prefer Trumbo's more existential reading of what happened. *Naming Names* names names. One has, I think, the obligation to be sensitive to the complex reasons which led people to the wrong, indefensible decision to cooperate with HUAC. If we are not thus sensitive, then we are morally equivalent to those blacklisters who demanded that ex-Communists, real and alleged, simply denounce their past and not explain it.

Take the case of James Wechsler, as Navasky does. Wechsler was the editor of the *New York Post* at the time (it bore no relation to the disgraceful tabloid now carrying that name). An ex-Communist and militant liberal, he denounced McCarthy and his works, morning, noon, and night. He was hauled before McCarthy's (Senate) Committee. McCarthy, unlike HUAC, made scattershot, often erroneous allegations of Communist sympathies. Wechsler wanted to prove that an anti-Communist liberal was an anti-Communist *and* an anti-McCarthyite. He therefore felt that it was critically important in the anti-McCarthy fight to make the transcript of

Lawrence Joseph

Is It You?

Where the giant magnet lifts
pig iron and bales of steel
and a larva dangles
from a spider's thread
beside an old press machine,
where the '53 DeSoto is
among piles of chassis
and transmissions,
and air is wakened
by an ore boat's horn,

someone calls.
Is it you?, who numbers stars
the same as Job's
and hides words in my bones
demanding, Count them?
Is it you, calling me,
your blackest rib?

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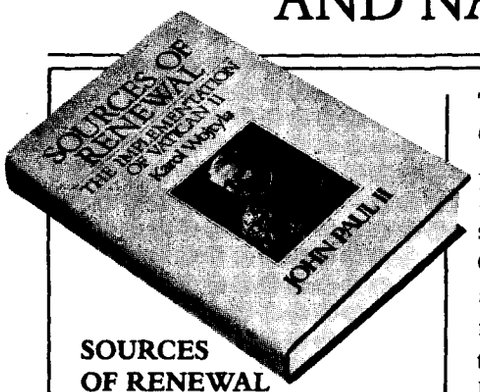
Time magazine has called Pope John Paul II, "THE WORLD'S MOST IMPRESSIVE AND NATURAL LEADER."



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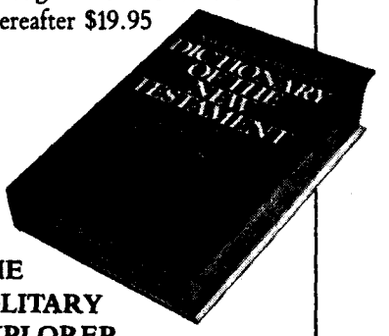

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his testimony in executive session public. But McCarthy had a price. In addition to the Communist associates whom Wechsler had already named—all of them quite public in their admission of past party membership—he would have to bring a larger list if the transcript was to be published. Wechsler did.

I think Wechsler was wrong (so, I suspect from one quote in *Naming Names*, does Wechsler). But was he then, as Lillian Hellman has said, "a friendly witness"? And were his actions "prototypical" of the liberals in ADA, given the fact that his good friend, Joe Rauh, was Lillian Hellman's lawyer in her famous appearance before HUAC? Is a serious error made by a man who on so many other occasions honorably and effectively fought McCarthyism reason for calling him a friend of McCarthyism? I think not.

Take an analogous case. Paul Jacobs, as he himself freely and sadly admitted whenever asked, was a key figure in advising the CIO on how to expel the Communists in California. At the same time he worked with Jewish groups which cooperated with HUAC. He then changed his mind radically and was on the staff of the blacklist project (the Hollywood Communists would not talk to him). Later he became a vociferous opponent of the Vietnam war, an active New Leftist, the Senatorial candidate of the Peace and Freedom party in California, and a friend of the Black Panthers (he lost a considerable sum when Eldridge Cleaver jumped bail). He died, quite possibly as a result of exposure to radiation when he covered atomic tests as an anti-nuclear journalist in the fifties. Do we call him an "informer" because of his earlier wrongs? Indeed, even Lillian Hellman said in *Scoundrel Time* that she would have reported "subversion or disloyalty" to "the proper authorities." Navasky quite rightly points out that the word "subversion" is unfortunate when she might have said "espionage." Which proves that even Homer nods—and deserves forgiveness, not from God, but from human beings.

Let me make this moral point somewhat more political. Navasky notes that there were two strategies in the anti-McCarthy, anti-HUAC movement. One was adopted by anti-Stalinist radicals and liberals who denounced the witch hunt and the gulag, and fought those liberals and others who believed in making a deal with HUAC in return for public recognition of their anti-Communism. That was my tack, and Navasky respectfully acknowledges it and the role of *Dissent* magazine, a center of that point of view. Another tactic said that any public assertions about the crimes of Stalin and his heirs would only play into the hands of the witch-hunters. Thus, even though one knew, and even detested, the crimes of Soviet totalitarianism, one should remain silent about them.

I thought at the time, and think now, that the first strategy was proper, both morally and politically. The American people have the right to know whether someone is applying one standard to this country and another to the Soviet Union (or China or anywhere else). That is relevant to the meaning of what is being said. At least some of those who held the "anti-anti-Communist" position did so in part because they had a lingering sense that somehow, despite it all, Moscow was "progressive." I thought, and think, that they were wrong, that, as the former Communist E. P. Thompson put it in a recent book, there is a gulf between democratic radicals and totalitarians no matter how many times the latter quote, and pervert, Marx. But what about the human beings who held that view? Even as I disagreed with them at the time, I often respected them and understood the considerations which led them to their erroneous conclusions.

Even the original Hollywood Ten, as Navasky notes, were not total purists in their appearance before the Committee. They were also trying to lay a legal basis for avoiding jail, which was perfectly sensible. But there was another dimension to their tactics. Some in the Hollywood Communist leadership had been enthusiastic "Browderites"—"right-wing" Communists in a period when Moscow, because of its alliances with the capitalist democracies, was taking that tack. When the shift to cold war intransigence came, they had to work doubly hard to accommodate to the new tough line. Indeed by the fifties the Communists themselves realized how foolish they had been. And one of the witnesses who later named names, Edward Dmytryk, had voluntarily placed himself under party discipline at the hearing even though he had long since dropped out of the movement, and was appalled at the confrontationist tone adopted by the others among the Ten.

That, in turn, poses yet another complexity. The Communists were, in some cases, secret members. I understand the reasons why: that they might be persecuted if they were public about their affiliations. But the party also used that secrecy to pretend that it was something—a group of plain old Jeffersonian Americans—which it was not. And in doing so the Communists involved people, including some who became their enemies in Hollywood, in fronts whose real purposes were concealed, real purposes which were to hurt, or haunt, at least some of the innocents. If informing is a violation of trust, how do we evaluate the actual consequences of concealed membership? There was, I should note, one humorous aspect of this problem. While one Hollywood Communist was telling John and me that he was just a progressive, that's all, I was straining my neck to be able to read all of the titles in his excellent Marxist library.

To return to the main point, these reflections are not intended in any way to excuse the inexcusable, which is informing under the conditions Navasky describes. (I repeat: "under the conditions." I am not an absolutist; I welcomed John Dean's informing even if it did not make me like the man; I rejoiced in the memory of every German officer who broke his oath to Hitler and betrayed the trust of his comrades.) If I think it necessary to see the complex situations which led people to do wrong, that is not to defend the wrong. And the importance of Navasky's book is its political clarity, its relentless exposure of all of the phony arguments for informing during the time of the blacklist. I am not one who believes that fascism is at hand because of the appalling results of the 1980 elections. Even Senator Joseph McCarthy himself was merely a vicious, unspeaka-

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ble reactionary, and not a fascist.

Still, enemies of dissent now occupy significant positions of power. And if we are in for another period of repression—which I hope will never again be the case—it is well to be reminded in such a thoughtful and persuasive way of what not to do. Victor Navasky's book is a significant contribution, not simply to the political literature of our time, but to our moral consciousness as well.

Returning to Augsburg

THE ROLE OF THE AUGSBURG CONFESSION
CATHOLIC AND LUTHERAN VIEWS

Joseph A. Burgess, ed.
Fortress, $13.95, 203 pp.

Kilian McDonnell

IF THE Augsburg Confession (CA) intends to be catholic, ecumenical and reforming, then those who reject it must demonstrate that the intention is not effectively translated into fact. This book is a symposium of twelve European and North American scholars in honor of the 450th anniversary of its presentation by the Lutherans to the Diet of Augsburg in 1530. Something of the spectrum of argumentation, Lutheran and Catholic, concerning the possibility of the Roman church recognizing the CA as a legitimate expression of Christian truth is represented.

Cardinal Willebrands has not actually suggested recognition but has encouraged the discussion. Curiously, it is, with notable exceptions, the persuadable Catholics who are pushing for recognition while it is the reluctant protesting Lutherans who are saying "Don't forget this obstacle; watch out for that hidden trap."

The difficulties are formidable. Written by Philip Melanchthon within a church which was badly shaken but essentially united, it was not originally a confession but a statement seeking toleration for Lutheran theological culture within existing ecclesiastical structures. Today it exists within a divided church and is the Lutherans' central though not only confession. (The difference between a statement and a confession is like the difference between Jefferson's papers and the Declaration of Independence.) No recognition is possible unless the CA is interpreted in the context of the other Lutheran confessions, not as they were interpreted by the Lutherans of the 16th century but as they are received by Lutherans today.

The hermeneutic situation in which they are received and interpreted today is vastly different. Though Luther would have much to protest against in the Roman church of 1980, it is generally admitted that the occasions, especially those of popular piety, which riled him are no longer living actualities. As Pannenberg points out, the new interpretive framework in which the CA is read also embraces the difference between the Catholic church then and now. Is the CA's claim to catholicity still valid after the accumulated burden of subsequent history, including Trent, two Vatican councils and the Marian dogmas (the lat-

REVIEWERS

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ter, I think, being more divisive from a methodological point of view than is generally recognized)?

In varying degrees Catholics such as Vinzenz Pfnür, James McCue, Harry McSorley and Richard Pensakovic are saying "yes." Even so, what function would recognition by Rome serve? To speak only of the major Reformation issue, justification by faith alone, there is a broad ecumenical agreement that it is no longer a church-dividing issue. The Malta report of the international Lutheran/Catholic dialogue concluded that there is a "far-reaching consensus" on this matter. The possibility of giving expression to the reality of justification using other New Testament themes such as reconciliation, freedom, redemption, new life, new creation was discussed at the 1963 Helsinki Assembly of the Lutheran World Federation. But even the Lutherans could not agree among themselves. My own more recent contact with Lutheran theologians would indicate there there is a significant group who think that justification is still church-dividing.

The doctrine of the CA on justification cannot be harmonized with Luther's teaching from the years 1520-21, but is compatible with his position as it had developed by 1530. Trent's condemnations are pertinent to Luther's earlier teaching, not to his later understanding. What was reprobated at Trent is not taught in the CA. So says Vinzenz Pfnür.

The 16th century Catholic response to the CA was the Confutation. Even before a greater consensus had been reached after the second draft of the Confutation, Luther and Melanchthon indicated that they saw basic agreement had been

reached. Melanchthon went a long way toward overcoming difficulties concerning merit by stressing that the article on justification does not universally exclude the biblical ideas of reward (and merit) but only the abuse of making them grounds for justification. Works of faith could be called meritorious.

After the first two drafts of the Confutation two successive committees, with equal Lutheran/Catholic representation, met at Augsburg. John Eck, who is usually cast as the hard-nosed Catholic heavy on the committee, said that a consensus on justification was achieved "in the thing itself," not merely on the level of concepts. The Catholics conceded that good works could only be called meritorious in and through God's grace. Lutherans agreed to abandon the use of the word "alone" in the phrase "faith alone" to avoid a false security about one's own salvation as well as the misunderstanding that faith "alone" justifies in such a way that neither grace nor good works are necessary. Agreement was reached on all but two of the nineteen articles discussed and on those two considerable, but not full accord was attained. The uncompromising Eck thought full accord possible. After Melanchthon's concession on reward about all that was left was the invocation of the saints, certainly not a major obstacle. These accords never received a fair hearing for a variety of reasons, many of them non-theological. McSorley con-

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tends that this measure of agreement "shatters completely long-standing myths perpetrated by both Lutherans and Catholics from the 16th century to the present about the 'radical opposition' or the 'unbridgeable chasm' that allegedly separated Lutheranism and Catholicism from 1530 onward."

The Catholic church could not recognize a reforming ecumenical document as received today by Lutherans and then refuse to allow it to function as such for Catholics. Lutherans have a right to expect that were the CA recognized by Rome, Catholics would also allow the CA, granting legitimate differences within unity, to critique their proclamation of the Gospel and sacramental practice. This has to be faced.

As a Benedictine I blanch at the CA's contempt for monasticism. Once justification is agreed on one can let it pass at the theological level because the strictures are so historically determined. Pastorally this and other issues are very embarrassing and will take a lot of footnotes.

In February of 1980 the international Lutheran/Catholic dialogue issued a statement on the Augsburg Confession witnessing to the unity in reconciled diversity which has been achieved. This is still a preliminary document. More attention needs to be paid to the minutes of the two successive committees which met at Augsburg, Herbert Immenkötter is publishing these minutes which are not alluded to in the essays of this book. So there are new dimensions to the discussion and to the possibility of Roman Catholic recognition. The continuing discussion will have to go further beyond the CA to that larger context of ecumenical discussion which took place before dialogue was cut off in 1546, namely Leipzig 1534, 1539, Hagenau/Worms/Regensburg 1540-41.

Elsewhere Harding Meyer has called attention to the limited results one can reasonably expect from such recognition. While very helpful to opening up fellowship between two communions as sister churches, it would not fill the need for a common confession of faith today.

A few years after the Diet of Augsburg Luther unwittingly prophesied: "I fear that we shall never again get as close together as we did at Augsburg." Why not go back? This volume will make the return easier.

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